JoJo's Bizarre Adventure: Acte d'amour

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There exists a place where love and hatred are but threads, and fate itself is woven into a greater tapestry.

Chapter 1: Son Nom Est JohanesT JoesTar

Morioh-cho was a peaceful town.

Or at least, that was the lie it told itself.

The town had always attracted strange things. Things that lurked behind ordinary faces and ordinary streets, Things that waited patiently for the right moment to reveal themselves.

On a cloudy morning in Morioh-cho, that moment arrived.

Johanest "JoJo" Joestar hurried toward school with his backpack hanging loosely from one shoulder.

The Joestar name came from his grandmother's marriage into the bloodline years ago after the death of Johanest’s parents. Most people would have considered it a meaningless detail.

The universe disagreed.

As JoJo passed through a narrow alleyway, something immediately caught his attention.

A hand.

Motionless.

Resting against the pavement.

His eyes widened.

"Hey!"

He rushed forward.

A wounded man sat slumped against the wall.

His suit was torn.

His breathing weak.

Yet despite his condition, the man smiled when he saw him.

"Kid..."

His voice was barely audible.

"What's your name?"

"Johanest Joestar."

The man's eyes widened.

"A Joestar..."

A weak laugh escaped him.

"Of course..."

Reaching into his coat, the stranger removed a small cloth bundle.

"Take this."

JoJo carefully accepted it.

Inside was a crystalline shard unlike anything he had ever seen.

Colors swam beneath its surface.

Gold.

Blue.

Crimson.

They moved like living things.

"What is it?"

The man coughed.

"A key."

"A key to something bigger than either of us."

JoJo frowned.

"You need a hospital."

The man nodded.

"My name is Ambassador Ink."

"The Speedwagon Foundation..."

The name sounded familiar.

Ink grabbed JoJo's wrist.

"Protect it."

"No matter what."

As JoJo adjusted his grip on the shard, a sharp edge cut his finger.

A droplet of blood landed on the crystal.

Instantly, the colors inside erupted into motion.

A spiral.

An impossible spiral.

For a brief moment, JoJo felt as if he were staring into something endless.

Then it stopped.

The shard returned to normal.

"What was that?"

Footsteps echoed through the alley.

A tall man emerged from the shadows.

Dark coat.

Sharp eyes.

An unsettling smile.

His gaze immediately locked onto the shard.

Then Ambassador Ink.

"Did Ink tell you anything?"

JoJo glanced toward the wounded man.

His heart skipped a beat.

Ink wasn't breathing.

His eyes stared blankly into space.

The life had left him.

"No."

The stranger remained silent.

Then he nodded.

"I see."

"I only wanted to help him."

His voice sounded genuine.

Almost.

"What is your name?"

Something felt wrong.

Every instinct screamed at JoJo not to tell the truth.

"...John."

The stranger studied him.

Then smiled.

"John."

Without another word, he turned and walked away.

JoJo exhaled.

Maybe it was over.

Maybe—

No.

Something wasn't right.

He knelt beside Ink's body.

Then a hand grabbed the back of his collar.

WHAM!

His body slammed into the wall.

Pain exploded through his shoulder.

JoJo collapsed.

The stranger stood behind him.

Laughing.

"Your bag says 'Joestar,' you dumb fuck."

JoJo's eyes widened.

The stranger pointed toward the name tag hanging from the side of his backpack.

JohanesT JoesTar.

The man's grin widened.

"Thought you could catch me off guard you fucker."

The atmosphere changed instantly.

The kindness vanished.

Something monstrous remained.

"My name is Raggen."

He stepped forward.

"Remember it."

The air itself felt heavier.

As if reality had shifted.

As if the alley had become smaller.

JoJo's instincts screamed.

Run.

But before he could move, Raggen attacked.

The world became chaos.

Concrete shattered.

Walls cracked.

The rain hammered against the ground.

Every attempt JoJo made to fight back failed instantly.

The gap between them was overwhelming.

This wasn't a fight.

It was a demonstration.

A declaration.

A lesson.

The shard.

His hand found it again.

The object Ambassador Ink had died protecting.

The object Raggen clearly wanted.

With the last of his strength, JoJo shoved the shard into his mouth.

And swallowed.

Raggen froze.

For the first time, his smile disappeared.

"No."

His voice was filled with genuine anger.

"You little idiot."

Darkness flooded JoJo's vision.

The last thing he saw was Raggen's furious face.

The last thing he heard was laughter.

Then nothing.

Three days later.

Beep.

Beep.

Beep.

A hospital ceiling greeted him.

His body felt foreign.

Heavy.

Every movement hurt.

Doctors filled the room.

Machines surrounded his bed.

Conversations blurred together.

"...critical condition..."

"...surgeries successful..."

"...miracle..."

Days passed before he finally learned the truth.

His step-grandfather, Georgie Joestar, had done everything possible to save him.

Everything.

When Johanest awoke fully, Georgie was gone.

The old man who had always treated him like family.

The old man who never missed a birthday.

The old man who always believed in him.

Gone.

The news struck harder than Raggen ever could.

For the first time since the alleyway, Johanest cried.

Weeks later.

While recovering, he stood before a mirror.

Something caught his eye.

Near his shoulder.

A mark.

A star.

Five points.

Perfectly shaped.

The Joestar birthmark.

His breath caught.

Impossible.

Slowly, he touched it.

The instant his fingers made contact—

The room vanished.

For a fraction of a second, he saw something impossible.

An endless sea of threads.

Countless threads.

Gold.

Crimson.

Black.

Stretching beyond the horizon.

Connecting every human being.

Connecting every heart.

Connecting every fate.

And somewhere far beyond those threads...

Something looked back.

Something enormous.

Something that did not belong to the world.

Then the vision disappeared.

Johanest stumbled backward.

His reflection stared at him from the mirror.

Yet for the briefest moment—

It smiled before he did.

The lights flickered.

The hospital room trembled.

And deep within his stomach, where the shard now rested, a faint spiral began to turn.

Far away, atop a building overlooking Morioh-cho, Raggen stood in silence.

Rain fell around him.

"The shard has awakened."

For the first time in years...

He looked afraid.

Below him, the town carried on as normal.

Cars moved.

Children played.

People laughed.

None of them knew.

None of them could know.

Because buried beneath the ordinary streets of Morioh-cho, fate itself had begun to move.

And at the center of it all…

Was a Joestar.

To Be Continued…